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SECOND LECTURE

DELIVERED IN THE METH. PROTESTANT CHURCH, GEORGETOWN, D. C MARCH 9, 1859.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

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TO MISS ELIZABETH DICK. FOR SIXTY YEARS A RESIDENT OF GEORGETOWN, THIS SECOND LECTURE, COMPOSED OF JUVENILE REMINISCENCES, IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY THE AUTHOR.

More Reminiscences of Georgetown, D. C.

The Creator has been pleased to bestow on man the power of retrospection, while our prospective faculty has been limited for wise purposes. Burke indeed foretold the end of the French revolution, but the second-sight of that statesman resulted from views founded on the opening of the tragedy. A person of even common understanding may reason as to consequences on facts already known, but he will be liable to mistakes in the conclusions at which he arrives. He may reach probability, but demonstration escapes his foreknowledge. Napoleon, who was a political prophet in the estimation of many, is said to have predicted the late attempt of Nicholas, the Russian czar, on the dominions of the sultan. This prediction, however, was no proof of sagacity. Attempts had been made on the Crimea by ambitious czars and czarinas long before the time of Bonaparte. Was there, then, anything wonderful in the disclosure made by the exile of St. Helena that some future autocrat of Muscovy might want a winter palace in Constantinople? Enormous ambition, without intellect to carry out the designs of that ambition, is the precise niche which Napoleon is to occupy in history. His life was nothing more than a series of puerile blunders, from the moment he shot down Frenchmen in Paris to that in which he ignominiously spurred his steed off the field of Waterloo. This is the view of him which the lecturer has maintained in his animadversions on Abbott, and the one which he is willing to defend against all the admirers of the Corsican.

There is less uncertainty, however, when memory returns upon past events, and performs its blessed offices in recalling departed joys, or grouping individual and town incidents which have acquired some importance from the lapse of time. This wonderful faculty is not without its pains, but the pains are far more than counterbalanced by its pleasures. Merry, an Englishman, who resided awhile in Baltimore, wrote the Pains of Memory; and Rogers, a banker in London, wove its pleasures into rhyme. It is like the Pensive and Cheerful Man of Milton coupled together in a union both useful and delightful. It tortured Macbeth and his coadjutrix after the murder of Duncan; and Eugene Aram, after that of Clarke. How

powerless would conscience be were there no memory to supply fuel to its furnace, and keep alive the sparks by kindling them 4 into fresh irritation! Many are the instances of remarkable memory given in literary works, but none more remarkable than the one stated in the life of the quaint Thomas Fuller, who lived in the reign of Charles the Second, and who could pass through any street in London and then repeat all that was written on any sign in that street. Permit me here to state a peculiarity in this power of the mind. Aged persons are apt to dwell in recollection on early, in preference to their mature life. They totally forget recent things and modern events, but recall juvenile days and incidents with astonishing tenacity. When life with them was young, the skies were more blue than at present, the earth wore a greener carpet, the clouds were more like Alpine snow, the orb of day more like Peruvian gold, the sunsets far more gorgeous, birds were dressed out in brighter plumes, the fish were more silvery, woods more burdened with leaves, the people less proud, neighbors much kinder, merchants more honest, even lawyers more ingenuous, and ministers more devout. Such is the credulity of our octogenarians about what they call the good old times, when life was a feast and this town a banqueting saloon. At present every house has a table; but then there were tables in each sylvan clump in the old orchard along Rock creek, down by the water side, over on Analostan island, at the Three Sisters, up at the Little and Big Falls, and at the Spa Spring of Bladensburg. The Potomac then was more bonnie than the Scottish Lugar, and its banks were enjoyed just as if there had been no tickler books or thistles in banks of another kind. Our present existence seems always coarse and material, and the picture must be carried back before it can receive the mellowing tints of time, or be refined by distance, or embellished by the imagination.

It is not my right, however, to detain you in the vestibule of the subject. It is my duty to add a few more recollections to those which have been given in a previous lecture. This is done at your request, and not at my own suggestion. Thus far the lecturer has been passive. You chose the subject, and drew its outline, and then you printed the chronicle, overlooking its imperfections. All this kindness to an old stager was prompted by a sheer

love of the town in which we were born, cradled, nursed, schooled, reared, and where we were whipped, too, into the comprehension and apprehension of Dilworth's spelling book, and of the arithmetic of the renowned Nicholas Pike, of Newburyport, in the Bay State. It was my privilege to meet friend Pike on the Merrimack in the summer of 1819, when the lecturer ventured a hint to the old gentleman about certain inconveniences to which he had been exposed from his book. “Forget the birch, if it only made you good at figures,” he replied, “for, without knowing them, you would have been nothing but a zero.” This he 5 said about as coolly as if he had been Nicholas of Russia, and had spoken it in the palace which Catherine the Second built out of the ice of the Neva. This incident has been mentioned just because there are some hearing me in whose school-day reminiscences Pike fills a nook, and who cherish his memory as they would a sensitive plant. Such will regret to learn that at the time of my interview with him his figure was much reduced, and that he had fallen quite into a fractional condition, and despaired of his ever being brought back to the unit he was when brainless urchins trembled under his rod.

A passion for town history is evidently on the increase in our country. This position could be made out, were it necessary, by citing instances in which the annals of cities have been recently written. We hope the time is not distant when the legends of every locality will be collected and preserved as archives, for the use of future generations. Our own are becoming the staple of colloquial intercourse. And we ought to imitate the zeal of such Florentine historians as Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and Aretino. These distinguished Secretaries searched every corner of Florence for the most trivial fact, they labeled every document, they watched every conspiracy, they marked all the lights and shades of party sentiment, they recorded alike the triumph or discomfiture of faction, they followed exiles into all their retreats; and, when Aretino died, his friends laid his history in his coffin, and bound a chaplet of laurel on those temples of his, which had ceased to throb with anxious thought for the weal of the city. And yet, for a long time after its colonization, Florence was scarcely more than a villa, situated on the height of Fiesole, till its merchants built warehouses on the Arno, below the Appenines. Our dear old town indeed is not a

Florence, but it is far more than a Fiesole, that germ of the republic which was planted on a mountain crag. That city passed through long periods of violence, but in the fifteenth century, under the rule of the Medici, it became the haven of commerce, the nest of poets, the studio of artists, and the hermitage of secluded scholars. Such may eventually be the destiny of our town in a circumscribed way.

In the previous lecture, some doubts were expressed whether Colonel Ninian Beall, who owned a part of the land on which our town was built, had emigrated to Maryland from the shire of Fife, in Scotland, or from Dumbarton. A close inspection of all the associations connected with his memory has convinced me that no doubt of the fact ought longer to exist. He was probably born in or near the town of Largo. This was the place out of which the celebrated Alexander Selkirk escaped and went to sea, and where relies of him are shown to this day. He became monarch of Juan Fernandez, the comrade of goats and cats, for more 6 than four years, and his adventures have been wrought up into an inimitable romance by De Foe, who lived in the rein of William, Prince of Orange. No shire in Scotland has produced more distinguished men than Fife, of whom Dr. Chalmers, Adam Smith, and Wilkie the artist, may serve as specimens. Loch Leven is its principal ornament in the way of natural scenery, and its comparatively soft features have been described by Bruce, who was born near its margin. A castle on an island in the northwest of the Loch was for a time the prison of Mary, Queen of Scotland. Ninian Beall was fonder of land than of the sea, for he seems to have set down a kind of McGregor foot on the soil of Maryland. His son George was not exempt from the same penchant for what is called terra firma. In all probability, that son was our first settler, and occupied to our town the same relation which Boone occupies to portions of Kentucky, or Penn to Philadelphia.

It may not be amiss here to mention that for a long time a tradition was rife in our town, and in some parts of Maryland, that Ninian Beall was concerned in the murder of Sharpe, the archbishop of St. Andrews. The lecturer has handled the sword which he is said to have used on that dramatic occasion. The circumstances which led to this murder have been stated by many historians. The Archbishop himself had been a notorious persecutor,

as well as traitor to the religious party with whom he had once acted. He had yielded to the temptation of money and personal advancement. The first attempt on his life was made in 1669, but it failed, and then he applied the boot and thumb screws to extort confessions from those suspected of complicity in the attempt. But on a bright morning in May, 1679, he started from St. Andrews for Glasgow, accompanied by his daughter. His carriage was chased and overtaken on Magus Moor, by nine horsemen, two of whom held his daughter whilst the others despatched their victim. The Archbishop begged for his life, but the perpetrators of the deed were inexorable. His monument in St. Andrews was repaired in 1849. It is proper here to say that the assassination of this ecclesiastic did not arise from religious considerations, but it was the fruit of private revenge based on private wrongs. Rathillet of Hackstown, and Balfour of Kinlock were the assassins. This is true history. Ninian Beall was not a man to have lent his countenance to assassination. He was a brave champion in the cause of freedom, and a friend to constitutional liberty. This was evinced in the demand which he made on Maryland to place herself under the crown of William and Mary. It is possible, however, that he may have left Fifeshire about the time that Sharpe was put to death, and he might have relinquished his country from the hot persecution which 7 Charles the Second was then waging in Scotland. In this way suspicion may have been engendered, and that suspicion may have passed into a myth. The times were lawless in Scotland at that period, and persecution was carried on with vigor; and in such convulsions a bishop may be overwhelmed as well as a layman, or a king as well as his humblest subject. James First of Scotland, and William the Silent, as well as the Admirable Crichton, were assassinated. Nor are we willing, out of the very numerous incidents of history, to select the death of Sharpe as the most pathetic of them all, though we may condemn the deed as fanatical and atrocious.

George Beall, the son of Ninian, was the immediate progenitor of George and Thomas Beall, who were respectable inhabitants of Georgetown. Ninian, being a friend of the Hanoverian succession, probably gave name to his son from this fact. George, of George, died in 1805, and was buried in the family cemetery, which is nearly opposite to the

house now occupied by Dr. Riley. He was a man of rather limited education, but his head was stocked with plain common sense. He opposed the rotundity of the earth, thought a knowledge of accounts and the art of surveying much more useful than Latin or Greek, and his reading was confined to Josephus, Cook's voyages, Morse's Gazetteer, the Bible, and all the newspapers he could collect. He married a Magruder. The clan of the McGregors had been rather turbulent in the highlands of Scotland, but the Magruders behaved very well after their removal to Maryland, about the middle of the seventeenth century. They were outlawed by the English government in 1633. Sir Walter Scott, who was well posted up in all the traditions of Scotland, states that Rob Roy McGregor became involved in debt, and that he sold his estate near Loch Lomond upon condition of its reverting when it could be redeemed. Rob carried the amount of the redemption money to the purchaser, who evaded the contract. McGregor then intercepted the agents who were sent to receive the rents, and took away the money. This, we apprehend, was not a mortal sin. It is unnecessary to say anything about the descendants of Colonel George Beall, except in connection with our town. His son, Thomas Brooke, was at one time President of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, and died in 1820. In 1782, his eldest daughter was married to the Rev. Dr. Balch, once pastor of the Presbyterian church on Bridge street, who is introduced into these reminiscences by special request from many of our citizens. Thomas Beall, brother of George, made one of the additions to the corporate limits of this town. Seventy-five years ago he built a house on the heights called Dumbarton, and died in the fall of 1819. He married an Orme, and the Orme's were either from 8 Cumberland or Staffordshire, in England. He had two daughters, one of whom married a great nephew of General Washington, and the other Major John Peter, who was once mayor of Georgetown. His seat, Dumbarton, is at present the property of the Hon. Jesse D. Bright, a Senator of the United States from Indiana. Dumbarton was once the abode of a remarkable young lady, Miss Eleanor Washington, who is every way worthy of a place in this lecture. Of fine, commanding countenance, with mathematical powers rarely equaled and seldom surpassed, and they blended with a taste for the arts, her early decease inspired general sympathy in a wide circle of friends. She sleeps in the pensive grounds of

Oakhill; and, for her fine attainments, and the meekness with which she bore her honors, may be regarded as the Elizabeth Smith of our town. The biography of Miss Smith ought to be read by all young ladies who aspire to mental improvement, for she was not only a wonderful algebraist, but she made an admirable translation of the book of Job from the Hebrew into her vernacular tongue.

It ought not to be forgotten that Thomas Beall, of George, was one of several who made additions to Georgetown. The place was incorporated by the legislature of Maryland in 1789, and ceded by that State to the United States in 1791. Peter, Deakins, Hawkins, Lee and Threlkeld, introduced property within our present corporate limits about 1796. The Threlkelds were in all probability of Danish origin. It is well known how long Northern buccaneers continued to ravage England, and probably some freebooter by the name of Thorkel induced Canute to make a descent on England. Milton, in his history, calls him Turkil, and he was one of three earls who governed England under Canute. From the portion of the country assigned as the earldom of Turkil, it is possible that the Threlkelds came out of what is now Yorkshire. My father has often told me that he was the preceptor of John Threlkeld, who lived near the Catholic College, and that he was one of the best Latin scholars he had ever known. He was also an admirable geographer, and even topographer. He was a man of commanding appearance, and a fine equestrian. He rode a handsome sorrel horse, and was rather impetuous in his movements, but at times he would rein in his steed, until he quoted some Latin epigram to any one liberally educated, and then he would wheel suddenly round and be off at a tangent. He was also well acquainted with the writings of Boccaccio, though we do not know that he could read them in the Italian. He has left highly respectable descendants, some of whom are residents in Kentucky, and some in this town.

In my first lecture there were several omissions. When Wellington, 9 at the battle of Waterloo, found out that he had not thrown a sufficiency of powder and ball into a particular point of his line, he apologized for himself by saying that he could not think of everything at one and the same time. This remark is in place as applied to Reminiscences

of a Town, and they limited by the rules of lecturing. Out of a complex variety of incidents and facts, the lecturer can only cull such he may regard with special interest. The filling up of his outline is often difficult, and he can only glance at the picture which the town has been presenting of its old self for a hundred years. In returning then to 1751, which is the date of our existence, we should have mentioned that the act of the Maryland Assembly, setting off our town at the mouth of Rock Creek, ample provision is made for the holding of two fairs in each year, the one in April and the other in October. This provision was made in laying off other Maryland towns, and these animating fairs have not till recently disappeared from the eastern shore of the State. This act of the Assembly shows the English origin of the Marylanders; and the English may have drawn their bartering proclivities from the Germans more than the Normans. The object of this arrangement was to give an opportunity to the people of Montgomery, and to the rustics of Virginia, to vend their products. German authors send off their writings even at this time to be sold at the great Leipsic fair. We can easily imagine the anxiety with which Goethe, Wieland and Schiller would look for the arrival of an occasion so opportune for the circulation of their scribblings. It is my conjecture that no authors lugged encyclopedias to the Georgetown fairs, and yet there was something poetical in the choice of the months in which they were to come off, as cur fashionables say at present. Richter boasts in his autobiography, that he was born in March, when the robin, the crane and the red hammer made their appearance in Bavaria. But how much more would he have exulted in the fact, could he have been born here in the midst of one of our old-fashioned Aprils, when these hills were pranked out in violets? Or what would have been his emotions, could the tints of our October sun have been dispersed over his cradle, or could the Bavarian boy have basked in one of our Indian summers? The seasons then must have been quite propitious to the Georgetown fairs, when the blooming daughters of Virginia and Maryland would crowd on to the ovations held on Rock Creek. The river was alive with skiffs, and the bye-paths were thronged, and the happiness of the rural ladies reached its culmination, when they found themselves fairly and safely in the market. It is one of my town dreams also, that the young gentlemen of the two adjacent States spurred on their shelties, or ponies,

that they might not get here the day after the 2 10 fair. And who can tell but that many nuptial altars and feasts resulted from attendance on the Georgetown conventions? In these bad, fashionable times, when our daughters are to be married, they send off for chaplets to some city greenhouse, which cost us five and ten dollars a head. But in antique days bouquets were made up of the wild flowers which grew in the woods. A lady about to enter connubial life, like the Lady of Loch Katrine, could just propel her boat over to the margin of Analostan, and pick out from that once tangled but now denuded arboretum, a far brighter chaplet than any that Maria Antoinette could have found in the gardens of Versailles, or Josephine at Malmaison. In such days diamonds would have looked vulgar, and crosses puerile and superstitious. A great change since my boyhood has passed on the apparel of even Methodist ladies, and the change in my opinion is to be regretted. But in lieu of half yearly fairs we have now a daily market, in which we are supplied with every kind of herb needful for the use of man. It is a pleasing sight to behold our patriarchs tottering home under the burden of their baskets laden with strawberries from the wild hills of Fairfax, and fruits from the Montgomery orchards; and before our curfew tolls to hear the sound of milk-carts, that come down from Weston, or from Spring Hill, near the foundry. How Cowper—after whose town in Northamptonshire, Weston is named—would have enjoyed the sight. Our market-house was standing in 1796, at the north-east corner of Bridge and High streets, but it was subsequently removed to its present position, where youth and age often meet for culinary merchandise. Writers are fond of bringing these two eras of life into contrast. Dr. Beattie brings Edwin into contrast with a hermit, and Johnson does the same with Rasselas and Campbell, and with his Henry Waldegrave, in his tender Pennsylvania tale, called Gertrude of Wyoming.

As Bladensburg supplied a portion of our population, it was an omission on my part not to have mentioned that once thriving but at present sandy village. It was founded in 1742, when Bladen was governor of Maryland; this was about nine years before the first lots were sold in our town. In my boyhood, it was remarkable for the number of its peach trees, which, blooming in the spring, lent an air of gayety to the hamlet. It is now, as it was

then, remarkable for its Spa spring, which is equal to any of the chalybeates of Germany. In one of its houses William Wirt was born in 1772, whose career is well known to this audience. It was for many years a place of retreat for such opulent families as the Dicks, the Bladens, the Lowndeses and Stoddarts; and it gives me concern to say that in the war of 1812, it was the scene of a battle, in which General Ross commanded the British forces, and General 11 Winder, the American. Our troops were forced to retreat; but not until the invaders had been severely handled by the marines of Commodore Barney, and the artillery of Major George Peter—the last mentioned officer having been a native of our town. But it is not my intention to review the last war, because the review would demand a volume instead of a lecture. We must refer you to the historians for all incidents connected with the battle of Bladensburg, as well as that of the White House—in the last of which the lecturer bore a part. That of the White House was fought on the 7th of September, 1814. The British vessels were commanded by Captain Gordon, and by Sir Charles Napier, who has since figured in the Baltic. For my services of fourteen days in the war, Uncle Sam paid me five dollars and forty-two cents, and one hundred and sixty acres of land, without a dime of interest. This has always been the way with republics. They allow their old soldiers to pocket the long ingratitude of the country, before they give them anything else to pocket. And what a stern, Roman-hearted Senate must ours be, when we think that they shirked the House bill so triumphantly passed for the benefit of aged soldiers, who risked their lives for their country? And what more did Wellington at Waterloo? But the treasury is empty—may it so remain till justice be done! It is preposterous for the government to be calling for new soldiers till the claims of the old ones be fully adjusted. Poor old General St. Clair! In my boyhood, we have seen that decrepid, but martial looking man, climbing very slowly into the galleries of Congress, asking a mere pittance for his revolutionary services. This was done from year to year, until at last he died in a log hut on the then wild shores of Lake Erie, but which in part, through his toils, are now smiling beneath the hand of cultivation.

Forgive this momentary divergency from the line of my history, and we will proceed to say, that Benjamin Stoddart, the first Secretary of the Navy, though he was not without associations with Bladensburg, was long a resident of our town. He was living in the house lately occupied by Pairo, the banker, engaged probably in mercantile pursuits, when, in 1798, he was called into the cabinet of the Elder Adams. He was a man of strong, natural powers; tall in his person; a specimen of the old Maryland gentleman, and well acquainted with naval affairs. During his administration, Truxtun performed brilliant achievements on the sea, by the capture of two French vessels. But the administration of Adams fell in 1801, and Benjamin Stoddart, who was an honest, talented man, fell with him—from office, and only from office. He stood high as ever in the estimation of Georgetown, and of the country. He finally retired to his property at Bladensburg, and there spent the evening of his life. 12 His eldest daughter, Mrs. Ewell, has just departed this life, at the age of seventy-four. Her farm in Virginia lay next to mine, and it was often pleasant to review old times. Some years ago the lecturer published ten chronicles of his native town; and my neighbor becoming very sick, she sent for those chronicles. They were such poor things that my reluctance to send them was very great. What then was my amazement, in a few days to find her in her dairy perfectly well. She told me that those scribblings of mine about our old town had been to her the elixir of life. They had outdone the nostrums of Drs. Bohrer, Tyler, Snyder and Riley—not intending, however, to detract in the least degree from the merits of those distinguished gentlemen. One of the sons of Mrs. Ewell fell in Mexico, another is President of William and Mary College, founded in 1691, and another still is a Presbyterian minister near Santa Fe, in New Mexico. A sister, younger than herself, was united in marriage about 1808, to George Washington Campbell, who at one time was our minister to St. Petersburgh. He was a stern Democrat, but he led a smiling Federal lady to the nuptial altar, and in that action evinced his love for free opinions. Our town is likewise indebted to Bladensburg for several of its distinguished merchants, among whom was the late John Laird, who removed to this place in 1800. We were all ceded to the United States ten years prior to that time. That cession of the ten miles square gave rise to a vast many hopes, and it soon drew population to the place.

The people, of the town st that time were like the people of Botany Bay, who all went one night to the theatre. There were such loud acclamations at the play, that an English sailor who happened in port, rose up and told them that he believed they were all transported. The lecturer does not mean to reflect on the exultation of the town, for, had he been born as far back as 1791, he would have been just as much transported as the rest. But to the history: John Laird was singularly neat in his dress, and very uniform in his habits. He occupied for a counting house one of the earliest edifices in the place. His regularity at church was truly exemplary. Before leaving Scotland he had stood on St. Arthur's seat; he had crossed the bridges which, span the ravines of Edinburgh, and he had viewed with interest the Pentland Hills and the Falls of the Clyde. He was good enough to lend me a number of Scotch books, and among them was the Life of George Buchanan. He received the first copy ever sent to America of the Astronomical Discourses of the late Dr. Chalmers, once the pastor of Kilmany, in Fife, but subsequently the pastor in some senses of all Caledonia. Being much engaged at the time, he despatched the book to the lecturer when its leaves were all clean as the milky way. His eldest daughter was united in marriage to the 13 Hen. Judge Dunlop, about 1818, and his son still survives, who had the advantage of a residence under the roof of Dr. Chalmers whilst pursuing his education in Scotland. With staff in hand, he has seen most of the interesting localities and picturesque scenery of Caledonia, from Solway Firth up to John O'Groat's house. The father of Judge Dunlop was from Glasgow. My audience will remember that a lady of the same name in Scotland, has immortalized herself by the admirable counsels which she gave to the misguided Burns; and her generons and noble feelings to the bard, and her persevering sympathy in his woes. She was a descendant of William Wallace, the great Scottish hero. This, however, was a mere incident far above her own control; but her tenderness to the Ayrshire ploughman was the fruit of voluntary principle. It grieves me to add that near the town of Bladensburg lies a sanguinary acre, called the duelling ground, where deeds have been enacted too revolting to be mentioned. How many hearts of fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters have been rent in twain by the fiendish transactions which have taken place on that spot, which all heaven abhors. The combined

seas of the universe could not wash out its crimson stains. Poor Dugas! He was a young Frenchman, and after being mortally wounded, he was brought into Washington street to die. He was buried in our old cemetry in the north-west of the town. This cemetery was long neglected; it was overgrown with brambles, but recently several of our ladies, to their perpetual honor, have reduced the thistles, reopened the walks, trimmed the trees, planted fresh flowers and re-established its prostrate gates. This was a work worthy of female hands, for many of our sires sleep in that consecrated ground. There men repose who once pulled the shamrock of Erin, the lily of Gaul, the rose of England, and the Scottish hawthorn; and who in search of freedom came bounding over the waves of the Atlantic to the havens of the Potomac. It would seem invidious to speak of some in that graveyard without speaking of all—and of all it would be impossible to speak, for the arrows of death are always and everywhere on their flight. The hearse never stands still. It has discovered the grand secret of perpetual motion, and death on his pale steed never follows it as a mourner, for he has gone elsewhere to wield his darts and brandish his lance. But our town is about as favorable to longevity as any place of my acquaintance. We may safely put down Mrs. Isabella Thompson at eighty-six when she died; my father at the same age; John Mountz, our town clerk, at eighty-eight; Miss Hugh at ninety-one; William King at eighty-four; Mrs. Bohrer at ninety-seven; John Barnes at ninety-six, and Old Yarrah at one hundred and twenty. We cannot speak indeed of a Parr or Jenkins—one of whom lived in 14 London to the age of one hundred and sixty-two—and Jenkins, who lived in Lincoln to the age of one hundred and seventy-five. It may not be desirable perhaps to live to such an advanced age. At ninety Dr. Young of Welwyn, and author of the Night Thoughts, used to say, “Where now is the world into which I was born?” With how much greater force could Jenkins have asked this question. The comrades of his youth were gone. His wife and children were buried. All things wore a faded hue. Well could, he have adopted the sentiment of the poet, who went to the place of his birth and asked, “Where are the friends of my youth?” and the echo came roiling back on his ear, “Where are the friends of my youth?” The cave of Milan repeats words sent into its mouth fifty-five times before the tongue of its echo can be hushed; but with Jenkins, for three-fourths of a century at least,

hollow sounds would have kept up their reverberation, and echo would have rung the knell of departed scenes.

My thanks are due to the gentleman who reminded me that no mention was made in the first lecture of the Ray. Henry Foxhall, who achieved much for the prosperity of Georgetown. It is needless to say that this omission arose from no want of respect either to him or his descendants, but from the difficulty of obtaining facts and dates. That venerable man was born in 1760, in or near the city of Birmingham, England. Burke called that place the toy shop of Europe, on account of its manufactories. Though a practical city, it is not more than five miles from Hagley Park, once the seat of the elder Lyttleton, and where he wrote his history of Henry Second, and where he entertained Thompson, whenever the poet's laziness allowed him to leave his castle of indolence at Richmond Hill on the Thames. It is likewise in proximity to the Leasowes, which Shenstone has made so celebrated, and which Dodsley has so minutely described, and which are quite near that quaint old town, Hales Owen, with its high chimneys. As the boy advanced to manhood he evinced an uncommon aptitude to business. He went to the north of Ireland, where he engaged in extensive iron works, and where his daughter, Mrs. McKenny, who for so long a time lent a charm to our social circles, was born. But an event which inspired a just alarm for the safety of his family, brought him to the neighborhood of Philadelphia. An assault was made on his house in Antrim by the Irish, who are always jealous of an Englishman. Incendiarism is common in Ireland. In the sixteenth century the abode of Edmund Spenser, the poet, which stood on the Mulla, was burnt to the ground, though the land on which it stood had been given to him by Queen Elizabeth. Our reverend friend was not backward in defending himself against this aggressive movement; but he had nothing besides a chair with which to conduct his defensive operations; 15 this, however, he used with uncommon bravery and dexterity. We only wish that he could have brought to bear on the enemy some pieces of ordnance that used in old times to shake our town to its centre, and some of which were used by Commodore Perry in 1813. We incline then to think that they would have skipped away from his house as easily as if they had been Irish

fairies. We rejoice, however, that no injury accrued to his only daughter, then an infant. Otherwise, the lecturer would have lost many a cup of green tea, in contradistinction to that detested, odious, venomous, grim looking unsocial tea, well named the black. We would rather spend a night in the dungeons of the Bastile, or of a Spanish Inquisition, or in Egypt, or in the Black Hole of Calcutta, than swallow as much of it as would supply a mosqueto. Ladies, inclined to be playful, have tried to deceive us by mixing the teas in halves; but we now advertise them that they may succeed in this enterprise when they can turn the needle from the pole, or set Georgetown to dancing a Scotch reel on the point of a Birmingham pin. We have been thus minute because the lecturer so often takes tea out in town; and to the black we say, with Lady Macbeth, “Out, out, out with it,” at least to China, which is on the opposite side of the globe. But Mrs. McKenny was reserved to a happier destiny, even to be nursed on the lap of opulence, and to be an ornament to her family, church, and this community. Her remains are slumbering among the pensive flowers of Oak Hill, whilst her immortal spirit has gone into that paradise, from the trees of which no willow leaf has ever yet been pulled, and from the beds of which no violet has ever yet been culled for the chaplets of the redeemed. Her father, after residing some time in Philadelphia, came to this place in the early part of this century, under a contract from the Government, and purchased property contiguous to Georgetown, and he became one of our wealthiest citizens. He was, as you all know, a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and he contributed largely to the erection of the Church which stands near the upper bridge, and which was dedicated about 1806. The second discourse preached in it was on a Sabbath night, by Dr. Balch, from the words—“And when ye go into a house, say to it, Peace be unto this house.” He also bore a large part of the expense which was incurred in the erection of the Foundry Church at Washington. He was at one time Mayor of the town, and took a great interest in preserving among us the sanctity of the Sabbath. In 1823 he embarked to England for the last time, where he died, and lies buried in a village near Birmingham, where a monument marks his remains and records his virtues. His only son had preceded him to the tomb. He was totally blind. He used to ride a bay pony over town, always attended 16 by a servant; but alas! he could not

behold those lights and shades which diversify the atmosphere of our town. The place to him was nothing more than a blank, and the volume of our scenery was sealed in more than Egyptian night. But he bore his loss with entire resignation. He has been mentioned because we cannot think of Bunyan without thinking of his poor blind Mary. When the author of Pilgrim's Progress lay in prison at Bedford, how often for twelve dreary years did She lift her staff, asking at the rustling of every leaf, “Has father, my father, come?”

It has been already stated that requests have reached the lecturer to waive all filial delicacy, and to introduce the Rev. Dr. Balch into the present lucubration. A compliance with these requests, however, would extend this performance to an unreasonable length. Necessity alone, arising from his connection with the origin of the town, induced me to mention my great-grandsire, George Beall, or his son of the same name, who was my grandsire in the maternal line. We are not afraid of Dr. Balch's being forgotten in these diggings; for in 1805 he saw his house, which stood on a hill below Scotch Row, digged down by the corporation, for just one half of the domicil went off with a thundering crash into the newly excavated street. Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! It was the depth of a severe winter at the time of the occurrence. Being in the house at the time, my remembrance is quite clear that the Potomac was frozen to a density of nineteen inches, and wagons and horses were galloping over the ice. Happy boys were skating on the river, just as if it had been a canal in Holland. They were regardless of the catastrophe, as if nothing at all had happened. When its owner came home he rejoiced that not one of his little children was burled in the ruins. In that he resembled the father of John Wesley, whose house was burnt in Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, who did not care for what was destroyed, but for his children, not one of whom was destroyed. But the lecturer cannot commit himself to the various reminiscences connected with the life of one who officiated in Bridge street for fifty-three years. Suffice it to say that an engraved portrait of him has recently appeared in the Presbyterian Magazine, at Philadelphia. A memoir of him has also been printed quite lately in Dr. Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, which may be regarded as a national work. But the decease of one half of his house has been

alluded to because the event awakened a good deal of sympathy in the town. General Walter Smith, an importing merchant, and Clement Smith, President of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, and William Whann, Cashier of the Columbia Bank, were especially kind to him and his on that distressing occasion. 17 Even in old age he was a contented, cheerful, and happy man, fond of social life, a great reader of newspapers, disquieted by nothing, a profound believer in an overruling Providence, a vast admirer of General Washington, a great advocate for the acquisition of Cuba, even at that early day, an enemy to all oppression, a friend to the widow, disinterested in pecuniary matters, and often facetious. He was a great friend to matrimony, and he had one of the finest runs of custom in the marrying line ever enjoyed in these parts. He was sometimes as busy as was the Vicar of Wakefield in the winding up of that story. On leaving home in the morning he usually said, “Should a couple come to be married, send for me to the square of the town.” But one day he had gone to see President Monroe about something appertaining to Liberia, and his whereabouts could not be traced; and to get his hand in, the lecturer, as he was just a beginner, turned in and married four couples. The next morning he was more minute than usual in telling us exactly where he could be found, and the run of custom that day was capital. He was at times fond of humor, and on one occasion he amused himself with the following incident: The Rev. Walter Addison gave a great sheep-shearing at Oxon Hill. It took place in June, but after the shearing a crude and cold state of the weather came on, and that artless, childlike man was greatly distressed at the condition of the sheep. Feeling inclined to temper the wind to the shorn lambs, as Sterne says, he purchased a large quantity of red flannel, and had it made into coats for the poor, shivering flock. The eyes of the sheep looked out of openings in their head-dress. What a ruby instead of silvery sight. But what tenderness of heart was here displayed, when in a few days the sun burst forth, and Oxon Hill was all on a sparkle in the brilliant firmament of summer. Its owner finally sold that valuable estate, and after paying off his liabilities, he remarked that the balance left was truly awful. And on another occasion, when he lived at Hart Park, about a mile from the ferry which led over to Alexandria, he had been entertaining some guests from that city. When about to leave, he exacted from

all and each of them that they would soon return and spend a week. They all agreed most promptly and cordially; but, as the boat was about pushing off, the company heard the tramp of a pony, and when their host arrived within speaking distance he cried out, at the top of his voice, that he wanted them all to spend a week with him at the Park. “We must be given to hospitality,” said he, “for thereby some unawares have entertained angels.” It was mentioned, in the first lecture, that the Addisons of Georgetown, for reasons then given, were not descendants of Joseph Addison, Author of the Spectator. This is positively true. We did not intend to deny all relationship between the parties. 3 18 There may be a very distant connection, for Miss Aikin, in her life of the periodical essayist, makes Launcelot Addison, father of Joseph, to have been born in Cumberland, the same shire from which the family proceeded to Maryland, in 1678. Launcelot, after spending years as an English chaplain in the north of Africa, returned home, and settled in Milstone, Wilts, and became dean of Litchfield, in Staffordshire, a town in which Dr. Johnson was born, in 1709. It is a matter of congratulation that Georgetown has in it any inhabitants connected even remotely with the mild and ever thankful author of the Spectator, whose flexile pencil was turned over and over again among the customs of England, among the charms of rural life, and all the objects which the imagination has made attractive.

In the previous lecture mention was made of many distinguished strangers who have visited our town. A few may be added to the list: Frank Jeffrey was here about 1809. Frank looked over the place, and threw out a hint that a more lovely niece than this town does not belong to Uncle Sam. Tom Moore was here in 1804, but he seems not to have fancied the localities of Washington. Dickens and Louis Philippe went up to the Great Falls. This place was visited in 1799 by an Irishman whose name was Searson, and we select the following lines from the book of poems which was published by the bard who came from the halls of Tara:

“The President's House will strike the eye Of every traveller that passes by; And then Mount Vernon is so high 'Twould do for an Observatory, From which to study Astronomy. The building in Gergetown is very neat, But the pavement incomplete. I saw the churches

where they praise and pray, But congregation small on rainy day. From Georgetown went to Alexandria, With Irish harp, about to wander: The pavement there was incomplete, Though paving-stones were in the street."

In 1808 we were visited by a remarkable boy, since known in the world as the celebrated Zerah Colburn. He was a mental arithmetician. After thinking for a few minutes he could solve the most difficult questions in numbers. You might give him several fractions, and without slate or pencil he would go rapidly through the process of addition, extracting the units with great precision. And in fellowship, where three partners were concerned, he would run up the joint stocks, multiply the gain by the parts, and divide off the gain and prove the 19 work. This was a remarkable faculty. James Anthony, who was one of the fixtures of the Union hotel, tried him with several difficult sums. The boy had an enormous head, and his examiner asked him how it was that he could cipher so accurately. Not liking the question, he replied, that his large cranium was the answer. It did seem that some invisible messenger bird was always hovering round him, and that he had nothing to do but take papers from its wings and read out the responses. He was at least a nine days' wonder when he left our town, and was carried to Europe, where he was educated by a British nobleman, and subsequently became a Methodist preacher. He is now deceased; and before his decease he published an Autobiography, which must be a highly interesting composition. In 1808, Ogilvie, a Scotch rhetorician, made his appearance in our town. After his arrival in the United States he taught school in Tappahannock, on Rappahannock, Essex county, Virginia. Thomas Ritchie, General Scott, and Walter Jones were among his pupils. He afterwards taught in Charlottesville, in the county of Albemarle, and in the shadow of Monticello; but took a notion all at once to become an itinerant orator. He probably laid the foundation on which the whole system of lecturing, now so common, has been reared. In his rounds he reached the hotel kept by the venerable Joseph Semmes, and the lecturer was among his hearers. He was a spare man in his appearance; always wore a Roman toga when declaiming, and concluded his exhibitions by reciting Scotch poetry. The two orations which he delivered in Georgetown, were on

Duelling and Suicide. He opposed single combat, but advocated suicide. There was quite an incongruity in his views, for duelling in a measure is suicide. Fighting in lawful war is not self-destruction, but placing oneself into an attitude to be prematurely slain, and that, in contravention to laws human and divine, is suicide. After scouring the then United States for some years, and sustaining the cause of the Deists, he suddenly heard that he had become Earl of Findlater, in the north of Scotland, but took his own life in London before reaching his Earldom. Some have taken their own lives on the loss of titles and property, but Ogilvie took his almost in sight of his feudal domains. The reason, probably, was, that he had become as copious a consumer of opium as Coleridge or De Quincey. Being away at the time, the lecturer cannot remember the exact year in which Semmes broached among us his theory about the vacuum which obtains in the interior of the earth. He came near to persuading some of our citizens to relinquish lucrative employments and embarking in the wild enterprise of entering the interior of the globe at the Arctic and Antarctic poles and meeting each other half way. Some of the clerks in our Departments were not a 20 little touched by this mania. When we consider how penuriously they are paid for their services we need not be amazed at the fact. Their ambition was to rule over the Esquimaux Indians in preference to serving Uncle Sam, who has never been once charged with Papal nepotism towards these gentlemen of the quill. In the India House, when a clerk reached the age of sixty, he was nobly pensioned by his employers. In this way Charles Lamb, author of the humorous Ella Essays, left the noise and even more than the Niagara roar of London, and spent his declining years in his cottage near Edmonton. Lamb was a wit, but not very sound in his religion. At all events, we hope to see the day when all our sexagenarian clerks will be pensioned by Congress; and instead of being turned out to graze on the Washington common, they will be turned into those rustic boxes and sylvan bournes which lend interest to our suburbs. Some few of our citizens were decoyed off to New Harmony under the lead of Owen, and some to California, and, perhaps, some to Pike's Peak; and others, at one time, wormed themselves into the belief that they were about making a million by the manufacture of silk. Never was there a more wide-spread humbug than was propagated through the country in 1839. The year is

indellibly imprinted on my memory from the fact that, in that year, the lecturer was riding his little Shetland pony, called Liberia, over the Blue mountains of Virginia in behalf of the American Colonization Society. Christian ladies were everywhere planting slips, expecting from their gains to civilize Africa. Preaching one day at Lynchburg, the preacher alluded to the mania, when a smile passed over the congregation, which was as much as to say that the six elders of the church were all engaged in the speculation. They had almost turned the church into a kind of cocoonery, and were indulging in silken dreams and halcyon anticipations. The clatter of the worms about Lynchburg, when they came to feed on the mulberry leaves, surpassed all description. A gentleman in my neighborhood had occasion, at the height of the mania, to visit Mississippi. Before starting, he called up his overseer, and addressed him as follows: “Be sure, during my absence, that you plant no corn, wheat, oats, rye, or buckwheat.” “What then,” said the overseer. “Why, attend to the slips—feed the worms, and on my return let me see nothing here but a Persian farm.” But, during his absence, the bubble suddenly burst. Like Jonah's gourd, it came up in a night, and perished in a night, smitten by the industrious worm of a little common sense. Slowly, indeed, and sadly did the gentleman approach his farm, when, lo, what a sight met his view! The orchards were laden with fruit, and golden sheaves were nodding to the reapers, and inviting their sickles. “How is this,” said the gentleman, calling up 21 his overseer. “What made you disobey my orders?” “Falling asleep just after you left me,” he replied, “the spirit of Solomon appeared to me in a dream, and told me that the *morus multicaulis* would not thrive in old Virginny.” “It told you right,” said his employer; and the parties shook hands with a great deal of good will. It is much to our credit that this silk illusion glanced but slightly over the hills of Georgetown. But in the early part of the present century we became rather more deeply implicated in the brass and steel tractors of Dr. Perkins, of Connecticut. The doctor arrived here one evening about sunset, and hastened to the manse of my father with a letter of introduction. The person to whom it was addressed read it with an interest most intense. He caught quite readily at everything calculated to relieve the woes of man. The metallic tractors had not only a brisk but a wonderful run over town, for they cured rheumatism in the twinkling of an eye. My old friend, Captain Mitchell,

and Miss Duncastle were remarkably benefitted by the application. But we must hasten on, for humbugs would fill a volume, rather than a chapter.

It is worthy of observation, that the same year in which the *morus multicaulis* fever prevailed, was the year in which a declaration of war was made and carried out against our town by the ants. Some here tonight were living as far back as 1839, when hostilities commenced between the belligerent powers. Some account of this war ought to be given, for it is a singular exhibition of natural history. Say, of Philadelphia, devoted his life to the study of insects, and wrote volumes on their peculiar habits; but his books contain nothing so wonderful as the events which the lecturer is about to unfold. Many conjectures arose as to the quarter from whence these ants had arrived. It was surmised by some that they might have come from Antwerp, as we were driving a brisk trade with that city at the time. Others were of opinion that they might have come from the interior of the globe *via* the Antartic pole which Semmes had opened. But all agreed, let them come from where they might, that their sting, during the three years' war, was not only antagonistic but antagonistic. Locusts, flies, fleas and gnats have at times tormented men, and so have the ants. Our foes were both black and red—colors well suited to a state of war—for you know the Black Prince was so called from the dim armor that he wore. It is probable that they came here from South America by some vessel throwing out its ballast of sand on our wharves—and their name was legion—and their operations were conducted with much more effective skill than Napoleon displayed either in Russia or Belgium. They moved on in solid columns, and so soon as one was killed another took its place; or, rather, a thousand came to bury it 22 with military honors. They devoured every herb. The gardens perished before them; and they waged a sweet war with the sugars of our merchants, and all the honey vials and bottles of the town. The bottles might be as tightly corked as possible, but they could easily pierce the pores of all the cork trees in Spain and Portugal. Property fell down to zero in those parts of the town which they assaulted. They attacked the specie in the old Bank of Columbia; Ben Stoddart's residence, because its former owner had once been Secretary of our Navy; General Mason's, because the general was

the commander of our militia; and Frank Key's, because he had written the Star Spangled Banner. They darkened all the stars, and clouded all the stripes, and pounced on the great eagle; but Francis Scott Key was not a man to be subdued by ants or antis, for he had seen service before Fort McHenry; and he seized the standard and shook them off, exclaiming— “And the star spangled banner in triunph shall wave, O'er the home of the free and the town of the brave.” But the enemy were conquered only at that house, for the war raged as furiously as the battle between Hercules and Anteus, which is told of in classic story. Nephews were escaping to their uncles, and nieces to the protection of their aunts. Much fire is generally used in war, but water was for the most part employed in our campaigns. We suppose that this was done in imitation of Josephus, who, at the siege of Jotapata, poured down burning oil and water that scalded the Romans. Gills, pints and quarts, filled with that heated element, were largely used; but our untiring foes moved forward on their march. Truly, those were times that tried the hearts of men; but the ants had no hearts to be tried, so merciless were they in their modes of warfare. The evil at last became unendurable, and the then Mayor was compelled to call together his Senate, composed of Aldermen and Common Council. Deep concern was depicted on every countenance, and they sat awhile in fixed and solemn silence. At length one of his counsellors threw out a hint that money, from the foundations of the world, had been one of the sinews of war, and he moved that the Mayor be authorized to issue his proclamation that whosoever would or could bring in one pint of the slaughtered enemy should be entitled to one silver dollar. Numbers of the enemy were forthwith paraded before his honor the Mayor, lying dead in their dusky armor and their red looking coats; but as coffee grounds were mixed with the slain it was contended that coffee grounds could not be killed. It was now supposed that the enemy, instead of coming from Cuba, the Queen of the Antilles, might have come from Mocha, in Arabia; or Java, in the East Indies. The dollar ordinance, however, was repealed: and when the Common 23 Council shall pass a pension bill for our soldiers of 1839, we hope that our Senate, composed of Aldermen, will not call them fugitives. Men, most happily, cannot always keep fighting; and, after three years, the enemy sent out some pioneers ante the grand army, who brought

in tidings that there were insects to the west of the town on which they could feed, and they all decamped with a simultaneous movement. This brought about a more delightful concord than the one made at Ghent in 1815. Things assumed their old position in the town—property suddenly rose, business revived, banks went on with their pros and cons, merchants imported West India sugars and horrible black teas from China—peace spread out its olive tree, beneath which our martial steeds were chained, and pastoral reeds recommenced their simple chimes, and Arcadian pipes resounded from the waterside clear up to Peter Grove, Tudor Place, and even high as Mount Hope. Thus ends the war of the ants, which was certainly more fearful than the one which the rats waged against the island of Col, in the Hebrides.

The ordinance for the erection of the causeway was passed in the corporation about 1805. The design of it was to connect the Virginia shore with Analostan island, which faces the town, to give us a more convenient ferry, and to help the channel of the river. Whether it answered the purpose is a point which will not now be discussed, but we will take occasion to remark, that in my boyhood, Analostan was the most beautiful island on any river in the world. What a sad havoc does time create with our emotions! Associations connected with islands would fill a volume, but Analostan is in my present view—and we must hurry on to a close. No doubt that insular ornament of our town was then looked at through the ever fertile medium of the imagination, which the Creator has given to men. But still it was quite a handsome spot. We have seen in old times the censer held over it, whilst the hand of Spring was in the act of dispersing round its emerald hues; and then Summer would bound on and fill that censer with sparkling beams and cornucopian flowers; and Autumn would hasten on to add its variegated tints; whilst among sepulchral Winter's snows my heart has prayed that Spring would again take the island into its warm embrace. We have seen it when the black thunder cloud had dimmed its trees, and when in an after thunder atmosphere all the angels seemed to be rolling out the rainbow by which it was spangled. We have seen it when swans have entered it in long successive rows to feed on its juicy

mosses. It used to be the Mecca of the birds, where they stopped in their airy pilgrimage; but, alas, how changed!

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But there are certain grave matters which must be postponed to some future occasion, not wishing to weary my audience. It was my wish to have discussed the principle of retrocession, and our coming under the Lord Mayor of Washington, to both which measures the lecturer is decidedly opposed. It was my wish to give reasons why an Atheneum ought to be built in this town, and to have given some account of the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was born in 1791, and died in 1828; and to have presented a sketch of John S. Moore, a young poet of our town, though born in Annapolis in the year Tone died. It was my intention to have entered my protest against Maryland's ever building a jail or a court-house here, and to have enlarged on the munificence of our National Legislature in building our post office, custom-house, the falls bridge; in placing the statute of Washington in the western circle; in extending Pennsylvania avenue; and in making Congress water murmur along so melodiously through our streets. They have piped to us and we have not danced. It was also my wish to have given the history of our press, and some notice of our many editors who have disappeared from the arena of political gladiatorship.

It would have been my duty to have reviewed the trial of Judge Chase, which took place in the winter of 1804, because the stenographer who wrote down the trial was furnished by our town in the person of of Charles Evans, Esq. The charges against the Judge were of the most trivial kind; but our great men wanted to enact over again the trial of Warren Hastings, in England, and they were ambitious of making such an era in parliamentary eloquence as was then made by Sheridan and Burke; but there was a failure. We have relatives of Judge Chase in our town, for the Ridgeleys and Chases intermarried, and the Ridgeleys became visible in Maryland about 1661. It is not my purpose to meddle with the politics of the town, for there is no place on earth more exempt from strife than Georgetown. Even in the election of a Mayor, the sensation is generally over in a couple of

hours, and no politician here ever permits the sun to go down on his ire. As Voltaire, who lived at Ferney, five miles from Geneva, used to say of that little democratic Swiss city, an election in it was nothing more than a small storm in a small tumbler. So may we say of our town.

But allow me, in the close of this lecture, to address a few words to the reverend and lay members of the Conference, now in session at this place, for whom the speaker cherishes a profound and Christian respect. We hope they will all experience that hospitality which was once a distinguishing mark of this town. We hope, my brethren in the ministry, that when your legislation is done, that you may leave us pleased and 25 edified with this transient intercourse among our citizens. Were my cottage here, instead of Virginia, it would give me no slight pleasure to see you lifting the latch of its gate, for the longer we live the more perfect is my conviction that all Christians are one by a regenerated nature. This town has had in it some able ministers of the New Testament, who have ascended on high, and that not without casting down on others the moral mantle in which they so long ministered. The people of this town have heard the profound logic of the Rev. Asa Shinn, and the melodious, silvery tones of Snethen, who was the Chrysostom of your branch of the church. Nor need we mention the Rev. John A. Collins, or the Rev. Dr. Carnahan, of New Jersey, both of whom were once residents of Georgetown. But our town has the honor of having, thirteen years since, sent a missionary to China in the person of the Rev. John French. His young, but great heart, panted for the salvation of an empire crowded with population. He mastered that difficult language, which had once tasked the powers of Gutzlaff and Morrison. Having acquitted himself as one of our ablest missionaries, and lost that health which is as important to every minister as the locks of Sampson, he turned his eyes towards these, his native haunts, where lives his widowed mother, and his sisters, and the friends of his youth. But the Divine Creator saw fit to call him to his amarinthine crown on his homeward voyage, and his remains were committed to the keeping of the sea against the time of the general resurrection. His immortal spirit has joined those of

Carey, Henry Martyn, Coke, Heber, and Buchanan, who loved all men, but especially the oriental nations.

We have read of an artist who was born in 1276, who became a shepherd before he undertood to handle the pencil. He wept very much to leave his sheep, but tore himself away and then filled all Italy with his productions. Our young fellow townsman had sheep, and he left them, but not without hoping that he might be able to return and fill the galleries of China with those moral pictures which are taken from the Bible, and especially the sublimest of them all, the Crucifixion of Calvary. His work was begun, and it now remains to be finished by his successors. Many men have turned the Cape of Good Hope influenced by various motives. Vasco De Gama to enlarge the boundaries of commerce, Camoens, to find materials for his Lusiad; Sir William Jones, to lift the veil from the Sanscrit literature, Leyden, for the means of personal independence; and Clive, for gold. British generals have gone to India to quell insurrection, and admirals with the same purpose, but our young friend doubled fierce and stormy capes, and planted his sandals on remote and inhospitable shores that he might hear the salutation of the redeemed 4 26 —“How beautiful on the mountains and plains are the feet of them who bring glad tidings of Peace.” It would be needless in me to say that he was a fine scholar, a perfect gentleman, a fervent christian, and an able missionary. And when the Conference shall be dispersed to their appointed fields of labor for the coming year, may they all and each be accompanied by the rich unction and effective blessing of our common Lord, till the solitary places of our land shall blossom like the rose and become vocal with the song of the Lamb!